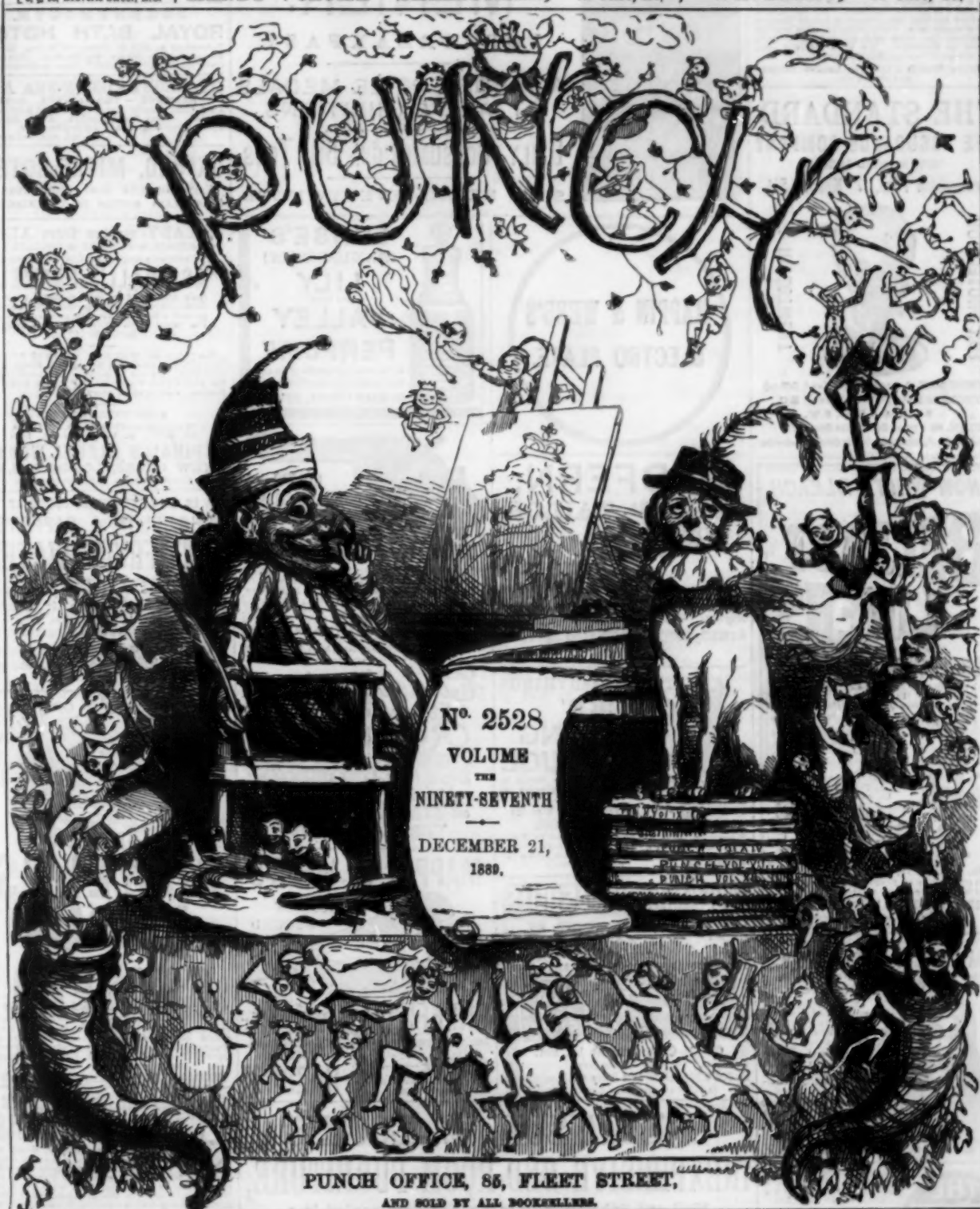


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UNTILED; OR. THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

"Très volontiers," repartit le démon. "Vous aimez les tableaux changeans: je veux vous contenter."
Le Diable Boiteux.

XIV.

(PART SECOND.)

"AMUSEMENT," said the Shadow, "is a lure
 That subtly snares and saps
 the sage and pure."
 The tag sounds Pur'anic.
 The sort of saw, devoid of
 worldly wit,
 Shaped by morality in a cold
 fit,
 Or virtue in a panic.

"Perhaps. The preacher
 perched above the throng,
 Like the bland singer of ideal
 song,
 Is vacuously moral,
 Vapidly virtuous, knowing
 little more
 Of facts that round him like
 a maelstrom roar
 Than childhood with its
 coral.

"But so Amusement's eager devotees
 Miss half its meaning; zealots on their knees
 Before the common Dagon,
 Have little care to glance behind the shrine.
 Who thinks to test the dregs of the bright
 wine

Which flames in Pleasure's flagon?"

"But you, you wish to see beneath the mask.
 The inner world of those who seem to bask
 In sunny public favour
 Is a strange spectacle. Behold yon churl
 Fawning, yet leering, at that trembling girl,
 The scene hath an ill savour.

"Beringed, broad-neck'd like a puff-adder, he,
 A bullying satyr; scarcely nymph-like she;
 Unas are not too numerous,
 Nor lion guardians, here. Poor and yet pure?
 Lone, yet too proud to be a pander's lure?
 The notion is too humorous.

"So she would think, that other prosperous
 dame,
 Whom fame and wealth make callous now to
 shame.

Soft rugs, and the loud rattle
 Of hands applaudive make amends for much.
 It is so hard to shun the smirching touch
 In life's thick-fuming battle.

"Poverty that would keep untarnished plumes
 But cannot; swaggering wealth, drunken
 with fumes

Of flattery, that cares not
 For pinions soiled, both meet us here. No
 more!

This region charity loves not to explore,
 And cynic malice dares not.

"But pretty faces flushing o'er the wine
 That wanton wealth pours out at beauty's
 shrine,

With readiness so sinister,
 Or wearied limbs in garrets lone dispread,
 Or wandering spectres flushed unholy red,
 These are strange things to minister

"To sleek Respectability. Youth's frank
 joys,
 The honest mirth of blameless girls and boys,
 The ease of cultured leisure,

And recreation of tired sons of toil,
 All good! But must Amusement's trade
 make spoil

Of souls, the wrecks of Pleasure?

"Yon smooth-faced boy is dying, drugged to
 death
 By dissipation's pestilential breath.
 The girl who bends above him,



Red-lipped and ashen-cheeked, to-night must
 fling

Tired limbs in dances lewd, and smirk, and
 sing.

Her misery is—to love him.

"And she, the siren with the face as soft
 As her heart's hard, and her eyes cold, how oft
 Her victim lying yonder [fooled!
 Blent blandishment and mockery have be-
 Poor dupe, to dream such harpies could be
 schooled

By service to grow fonder!

"Light-footed as light-hearted steps she
 forth, [worth,
 Silk-shrouded, jewelled, wrapped in furs of
 Into a crested carriage. [taph,
 'Dead,—oh, poor donkey!' That's her epi-
 Set 'twixt a shallow sigh and crackling laugh.
 She hopes for a 'swell' marriage.

"That—or, if foiled by fate or some odd
 fluke,

Ducats sometimes are better than a duke,
 'Yes, when the duke's a duffer!'
 You hear her hissing not to her home slave,
 The pale-faced mother who her wrath must
 brave,

And her coarse chidings suffer!

"Amusement is—amusing, is it not?
 Its world-ward face is bright, with scarce a
 blot

To prove the foul infection
 That lurks within. The world might show
 disgust,

Were all its tyranny, its greed, its lust,
 Bared to minute inspection.

"There's a poor, mangled, maimed boy-
 acrobat.

Little conceived the careless crowds who sat
 With half-voluptuous thrillings
 Of terror, as mid-air he twirled and tost,
 What, when the tale was summed, it really
 cost

To gather in their shillings."

And I saw beaten boxers, bruised and sore,
 A weary waiter, bullied by a boor,

Eyeing the clock-face eagerly;
 Trim-vestured girls, with trembling limbs,
 who stood [food
 Tending proud dames; pale lads on zestless
 Feeding at midnight meagrely.

And wan-faced waifs, ill-clad and furtive-
 eyed, [pomp and pride
 Writhing through scented throngs where
 Wait upon wealth and beauty,

Scuttling swift-footed like wild forest things,
 In search of the scant prey such prowling
 To lowly jackal-duty. [brings

I followed painted faces writhed with mirth,
 To homes compared with which the fox's earth
 Is refuge sweet and cleanly.

I watched the way of sin, and saw the wage
 Wherewith the sordid spectre of the age
 Rewards its dupes so leanly.

Closed doors and lights extinct hid not from me
 The horrors of the garish haunts of glee,

Where Pleasure plumes and prances
 Like a masked Moré amidst a festal throng,
 And Mammon grabs the price of Suffering's
 And Folly's frenzied dances. [song,

"Enough!" I cried. The Shadow strangely
 smiled:

"The raiser of Life's curtain is reviled
 By Pleasure; even Pity [due:
 Reproves, and doubts. Amusement is man's
 Ay,—purged from the foul taint whose
 wrecks bestrew
 The purlieus of the City!"

CHRISTMAS AS IT IS TO BE IN
CHESTER WORKHOUSE.

(Dedicated, without Respect, to the Magistrates of
 a County of Cheshireparers.)

THE hungry paupers were assembled ready
 to tear their food to pieces in the good old
 fashion sanctioned by precedent. There had
 been a rumour that a clerical innovator had
 suggested that the Guardians of the Poor
 should purchase knives and forks for the use
 of the inmates of the Union; but the story
 had been accepted as a *canard*. It was well
 known that the love of economy amongst the
 Members of the Board outweighed sentimental
 considerations. Possibly this report had been
 spread by the appearance of a paragraph in
 the *Macclesfield Courier*, headed, "A Dis-
 graceful Arrangement in Chester Work-
 house," in which a meeting of the Chester
 Board of Guardians had been chronicled. In
 the pages of the popular provincial print in
 question it had been related how the paupers
 had to tear the meat to pieces with their
 fingers and teeth; how the Clerk had said
 that, after witnessing the spectacle last year,
 he had gone away disgusted; and, lastly, how
 a farmer had declared that he often enjoyed
 his meals without any knife and fork—with
 the apparent result that a compromise was
 accepted. But that was only what a news-
 paper had printed, and who shall estimate
 the accuracy of the Press?

So the expectant paupers waited for their
 food as beasts wait for theirs at the Zoological
 Gardens! There was a pause, and then came
 the succulent fare that has made the Unions
 of Old England the admiration of the civilised
 world. The hungry inmates prepared to dig
 their fingers into the meat as per usual, when
 an authoritative voice bade them restrain
 their impatience until knives and forks had
 been passed to every inmate! Astonishment
 reigned supreme. So a distinction was at
 length to be drawn (on Christmas Day)
 between human beings and beasts of prey!
 Who would have thought it?

"No," replied an official, when the banquet
 was over, in answer to a question that had
 been put to him, "this is the exception to
 the rule. These knives and forks are not to
 be retained, but are to be returned immedi-
 ately. By a vote of thirteen to ten it was
 decided by the Chester Board of Guardians to
 hire them for the occasion!"

SHAKESPEARE ON GAS STRIKE.

"Put out the light—and then——" *Othello*.

EXCELSIOR — THE LATEST SCHOOL-BOARD "STANDARD."



TAXES and Rates were rising fast,
As through a burdened City passed
A man who bore, with clenched thumb,
A Standard, with the legend rum,
Excelsior!

His brows were black; his eyes beneath
Through "gig-lamps" flashed, like sword
from sheath,
And like a fearsome fog-horn rung
The sound of that too well-known tongue,
Excelsior!

(The true significance of that sound
Was simply "Ten Pence in the Pound!"
And all too well the listeners knew
It meant fresh turn of the Rate-screw:
Excelsior!)

In ill-built Schools he saw the blight
Of sewer-gas slaying left and right,
The Jerry-Builder spectral shone,
But still he yelled in strident tone—
Excelsior!

"Try not *that* path," the Old Sage said,
"Dark lowers the tempest o'er your head
Of public anger far and wide."
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay!" the Maiden said; "do rest!
London is weary of your quest.
You've raised that Standard far too
high!"
He answered, with a winking eye,
Excelsior!

"Beware the Public's awful wrath,
At what lies crushed in your mad path!"
This, the Rate-payer's last appeal,
A voice replied, with brazen squeal,
Excelsior!

(His finish doth not yet appear,
But when that cry the Public hear,
Punch fancies it will soon be found,
They kick at "Ten Pence in the Pound."
Excelsior!)

THE HEALTH OF LONDON.—The approach
of "Russian Influenza" is dreaded, but Lon-
doners are still more apprehensive as to the
effects of the Gas-strike Fever.

THE DUKE'S LESSON.

Little Economic Tragi-Comedy (with a moral) now in process of active Rehearsal.

ACT I.

Interior of a Study in a West-end Ducal Mansion after breakfast during the progress of a recent noted struggle between Capital and Labour. Enter a Philanthropic Duke and his Private Secretary.

Philanthropic Duke (after giving directions for the disposal of his daily correspondence). And now there remains only this application for these labourers on strike.

Private Secretary. Your Grace would surely scarcely like to see your name figuring on a list where it might be supposed to countenance the insubordination of the masses?

Philanthropic Duke. Ah, no; there you mistake the whole subject. My exalted position does not blind me to the necessities and rights of my fellow men. Capital can be a great tyrant, and Labour can only contend against it with the weapon of combination.

Private Secretary. But is your Grace sure, in the present instance, Labour has a practical grievance to complain of?

Philanthropic Duke. No, I confess I have gone into the rights and wrongs of this particular question; but, looking at the matter as a whole, I have a firm conviction that the movement of the masses to protect their interests by combined action merits the support, practical as well as moral, of all reasonable men. Send them a cheque for fifty pounds.

Private Secretary. With your Grace's name?

Philanthropic Duke. Certainly. They are welcome to any influence in may bring them.

Private Secretary. Very well, your Grace.

[Writes cheque, and leaves Philanthropic Duke in a state of complacent satisfaction that he at least is "marching with the times" as the Curtain falls.]

ACT II.

Interior of the Drawing-room of a West-end Ducal Mansion during the arrival of guests invited to dinner. A couple of night-lights on the mantel-piece supply the sole illumination to the room. Philanthropic Duke discovered standing on the rug with his back to a feeble fire of kitchen chairs.

Philanthropic Duke (addressing guests). I am sorry to give you such a dim and cold reception, but the last ounce of petroleum has been used, and though we have given three-and-sixpence a-piece for kerosene candles, the Duchess tells me we have had at last to fall back upon these night-lights, as you see, and I think we have arrived at our last box. When that is finished, we shall have nothing before us but impenetrable darkness.

[Falls into a gloomy reverie.]

The Duchess (brightly). I am afraid I must ask you all to put up with such a cold dinner as we have been able to secure from the ham-and-beef shop round the corner—(murmurs)—owing to our inability to secure any further fuel for the kitchen fire.

[Enter Servant, with a coal-scuttle of broken bedroom furniture, with which he replenishes the feeble flame in the grate.]

Philanthropic Duke. The kitchen fuel exhausted? Surely it cannot be! (Addressing the Servant.) Have you used up all the balusters?

Servant. We have, your Grace.

Philanthropic Duke. And pulled up, and surreptitiously purloined the wood pavement, as I directed, in front of the house, both ways, for twenty yards?

Servant. Yes, your Grace; until the police objected. We then utilised the dustbin, all the basement doors, and managed to keep in up to luncheon with the nursery toys, and a few of your Grace's old walking-sticks, but we are now breaking up the spare-guest bed-chamber furniture, and when that is done, we shall have to commence on the dining-room chairs, or the empty drawers in the private bureau in your Grace's study.

[A few revolver shots heard without.]

Philanthropic Duke. Ha! The Postman, in the unlighted streets, again set upon by gangs of marauding tramps. (Enter Secretary with a letter. Duke addressing him.) Well. Let us hear what it is?



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

(He has kindly painted in the Sky of an Amateur Friend's Sea-piece.)

Distinguished Critic. "THE SEA'S CAPITAL, MY DEAR FELLOW; BUT THE SKY'S—WELL—AMATEURISH, YOU KNOW!"

Secretary (referring to contents). Only an application for a subscription in support of the present Strike.

Philanthropic Duke (hysterically). What? Have they had the impudence—?

Secretary. You see your Grace lent the influence of your name to support the last movement, and as your Grace also expressed your conviction that the combination of labourers to protect their interests, "merited the support, practical, as well as moral, of all reasonable men," I thought, perhaps, that another cheque—

Philanthropic Duke (seizing it, and tearing it into a thousand bits). You did? Well—that is how I subscribe to the struggle of Labour against Capital this time (scatters the fragments), at any rate. It may be that months of this are before us, and that I am, even now, entertaining my guests with the illumination of my two last night-lights. Be it so. If I have had my lesson, and it has been a sharp one, I am determined that it shall not have been entirely in vain! You will find me no more "marching with the times."

[Left facing the solution of the "economic situation," with a smile of gloomy triumph on his countenance, as Curtain descends.]

A HINT TO READERS.—The GERMAN REED's Entertainment is now "with Verger clad." *The Verger* has plenty of pretty music, and is well put on the stage, but *The Verger* scarcely verges on the brilliant successes associated with the Gallery of Illustration, St. George's Hall. In the principal part Mr. ALFRED REED is amusing, although the rôle is not quite in his line. Miss TULLY and Mrs. ARTHUR LAW again are pleasing. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, who gives an account of how he took a house, is as genial and entertaining as ever, and takes the House every night. As his fund of humour is limitless, it is safe to predict that the new song he announces for Boxing Day will be quite as welcome as any of its predecessors, at least, so thinks
YOUR GALLERY REPORTER.

EPIGRAM ON THE EPIDEMIC.

Strictly Confidential.—To H.I.M. The Emperor of RUSSIA. "All Europe dreads your Russian Influence, CZAR."
(Signed) RUSS IN URBE.

MR. PUNCH'S MORAL MUSIC-HALL 'DRAMAS.

No. I.—THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Little Crossing-sweeper. By the unrivalled Miss JENNY JINKS.
Variety Artist
The Duke of Dillwater Mr. HENRY IRVING.
 (Specially engaged; Mr. Punch is sure that he will cheerfully make some slight sacrifice for so good a cause, and he can easily slip out and get back again between the Acts of the "Dead Heart.")
A Policeman Mr. BUTLAND BARRINGTON.
 (Engaged, at enormous expense, during the entire run of this piece.)
A Butler (his original part) Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.
Foot-passengers, Flunkeys, Burglars.—By the celebrated Knockabout Quick-change Troupe.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of the Duke's Mansion in Euston Square by night. On the right, a realistic Moon (by kind permission of Professor HENKOMER) is rising slowly behind a lamp-post. On left centre, a practicable pillar-box, and crossing, with real mud. Stow Music, as Miss JENNY JINKS enters, in rags, with broom. Various Characters cross the street, post letters, &c.: Miss JINKS follows them, begging piteously for a copper, which is invariably refused, whereupon she assails them with choice specimens of street sarcasm—which the Lady may be safely trusted to improvise for herself.*



Miss Jenny Jinks (leaning despondently against pillar-box, on which a ray of lime-light falls in the opposite direction to the Moon).

Ah, this cruel London, so marble-'arted and vast,
 Where all who try to act honest are condemned to fast!

Enter two Burglars, cautiously.

First B. (to Miss J. J.). We can put you up to a fake as will be worth your while,
 For you seem a sharp, 'andy lad, and just our style!

[They proceed to unfold a scheme to break into the Ducal abode, and offer Miss J. a share of the spoil, if she will allow herself to be put through the pantry window.]

Miss J. J. (proudly). I tell yer I won't 'ave nothink to do with it, fur I ain't been used

To sneak into the house of a Dook to whom I 'aven't been introduced!
Second Burglar (coarsely). Stow that anivel, yer young himp, we don't want none of that bosh!

Miss J. J. (with spirit). You 'old your jaw—for, when you opens yer mouth, there ain't much o' yer face left to wash!

[The Burglars retire, baffled, and muttering. Miss J. leans against pillar-box again—but more irresolutely.]

I've arf a mind to run after 'em, I 'ave, and tell 'em I'm game to stand in! . . .

But, ah—didn't my poor mother say as Burglary was a Sin!

[Duke crosses stage in a hurry; as he pulls out his latch-key, a threepenny-bit falls unregarded, except by the little Sweeper, who pounces eagerly upon it.]

What's this? A bit o' good luck at last for a starvin' orfin boy!

What shall I buy? I know—I'll have a cup of cawfy, and a prime saveley!

Ah,—but it ain't mine—and 'ark . . . that music up in the air!

[A harp is heard in the flies. Can it be mother a-playin' on the 'arp, to warn her boy to beware? (As he struck). There's a angel voice that is sayin' plain (solemnly)]

"Him as prigs what isn't his'n,

Is sure to be copped some day—and then—his time he will do in prison!"

[Goes resolutely to the door, and knocks—The Duke throws open the portals.]

Miss J. If yer please, Sir, was you aware as you've dropped a thruppenny-bit?

The Duke (after examining the coin). 'Tis the very piece I have searched for everywhere! You rascal, you've stolen it!

Miss J. (bitterly). And that's 'ow a Dook rewards honesty in this world! *[This line is sure of a round of applause.]*

The Duke (calling off). Policeman, I give this lad in charge for a shameless attempt to rob, *[Enter Policeman.]*
 Unless he confesses instantly who put him up to the job!

Miss J. (earnestly). I've told yer the bloomin' truth, I 'ave—or send I may die!

I'm on'y a Crossing-sweeper, Sir, but I'd scorn to tell yer a lie!
 Give me a quarter of an hour—no more—just time to kneel down and pray, *[me away.]*

As I used to at mother's knee long ago—then the Copper kin lead *[Kneels in lime-light. The Policeman turns away, and uses his handkerchief violently; the Duke rubs his eyes.]*

The Duke. No, blow me if I can do it, for I feel my eyes are all twitching!

[With conviction]. If he's good enough to kneel by his mother's side, he's good enough to be in my kitchen!

[Duke dismisses Constable, and, after disappearing into the Mansion for a moment, returns with a neat Page's livery, which he presents to the little Crossing-sweeper.]

Miss J. J. (naïvely). 'Ow much shall I ask for on this, Sir?

What! Yer don't mean to say they're for me!
 Am I really to be a Page to one of England's proud aristocra-see?

[Does some steps.]

Mechanical change to SCENE II.—State Apartment at the Duke's. Magnificent furniture, gilding, chandeliers. Suits of genuine old armour. Statuary (lent by British and Kensington Museums). Enter Miss J., with her face washed, and looking particularly plump in her Page's livery. She wanders about stage, making any humorous comments that may occur to her on the armour and statuary. She might also play tricks on the Butler, and kiss the maid;—all of which will serve to relieve the piece by delicate touches of comedy, and delight a discriminating audience.

Enter the Duke.

I hope, my lad, that we are making you comfortable here? *[Kindly.]*

Miss J. J. Never was in such slap-up quarters in my life, Sir, I'll stick to yer, no fear!

[In the course of conversation the Duke learns with aristocratic surprise, that the Page's Mother was a Singer at the Music-Halls.]

Miss J. J. What, don't know what a Musio-'all's like? and you a Dook! Well, you are a jolly old juggins! 'Ere, you sit down on this gilded cheer—that's the ticket—I'll bring you your champagne and your cigar. Want a light? *(Strikes match on her pantaloons.)*

Now you're all comfortable!

[The Duke sits down, smiling indulgently, out of her way, while she introduces her popular Vocal Character Sketch, of which space only permits us to give a few specimen verses.]

First the Champion Comic Steps upon the stage:
 With his latest "Grand Success." Sure to be the rage!
 Sixty Pounds a week he Easily can earn;
 Round the Musio-Halls he goes, And does at each a "turn."

Illustration.

Undah the stors in a sweet shady dairl,
 I strolled with me awm round a deah little gairl,
 And whethaw I kissed her yaw'd like me to dairl—

Well, I'd rawthah you didn't inkuiah!
 All golden her hair is, She's Queen of the Fairies, And known by the name of the lovely MARIAH,

She's a regular Venus, But what passed between us, I'd very much rawthah you didn't inkuiah!

Next the Lady Serio, Mincing as she walks;
 If a note's too high for her, She doesn't sing—she talks,
 What she thinks about the men You're pretty sure to learn,
 She always has a hit at them, Before she's done her "turn!"

Illustration.

You notty young men, ow! you notty young men!
 You tell us you're toffs, and the real Upper Ten,
 But behind all your ears is the mark of a pen!
 So don't you deceive us, you notty young men!

Miss J. J. (concluding). And such, Sir, are these entertainments in which Mirth and Refinement go 'and-in-'and!

[As the Duke is expressing his appreciation of the elevating effect of such performances, the Butler rushes in, followed by two flurried Footmen.]

Butler. Pardon this interruption, my Lord, but I come to announce the fact

That by armed house-breakers the pantry has just been attacked!

Duke. Then we'll repel them—each to his weapons look!
I know how to defend my property, although I am a Dook!
Miss J. (snatching sword from one of the men in armour).
With such a weapon I their hash will settle!
You'll lend it, won't yer, old Britannia Metal?
[Shouts and firing without; the Footmen hide under sofa.
Let flunkies flee—though danger may encircle us,
A British Buttons ain't afraid of Burglars!
[Tremendous firing, during which the Burglars are supposed to be
repulsed with heavy loss by the Duke, Butler, and Page.
Miss J. 'Ere—I say, Dook, I saved yer life, didn't yer know?
(A parting shot, upon which she staggers back with a ringing scream.)
The Brutes! they've been and shot me! . . . Mother! . . . Oh!
[Dies in lime-light and great agony; the Footmen come out from
under sofa and regard with sorrowing admiration the lifeless
form of the Little Crossing-sweeper, which the Duke, as Curtain
falls, covers reverently with the best table-cloth.

A NIGHT AT THE GARRICK.

I've scarcely recovered from the effects. It's thrilling. I speak of *La Tosca*. The *mise-en-scène*, as I have already said, from first



Two Sorts of Beere—Draught Porter, and a little Stout.

to last is perfect. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON has never done anything better, or half as well. Of course, he has been in training for it for some months past, and it was quite natural that the *Profligate* should at last develop into that awful scoundrel, *Scarpia Scarpia*. There

was once upon a time a Music-hall song, whereof the burden was, "If ever there was a d—d Scamp," and if ever there was, then *Scarpia* is the man. His manner is perhaps a little too hard; the make-up is rather too much of the undisguised-villain-style of melo-dramatic colouring, and he is not sufficiently soapy and shiny. Still he is quite bad enough, and bad is his best.

It is mighty difficult for those who have seen *SARA* to forget her, and to judge Mrs. BEERE's performance fairly and "without prejudice." She lacks the magnetising, purring, and feline caressing tone and action of *SARA*; but, on the other hand, Mrs. BEERE's passion is irresistible, and her scene with *Scarpia* will probably draw all London. Perhaps her height and build tell somewhat against her in the tender love passages, though as she is in love with a painter in oils—or in aiales, as he works in church—"size" would present no difficulty. She rivets the attention of the audience, and no one "breathes again" until the play is done, and Mrs. LA TOSCA BERNHARDT-BEERE is well over the ramps.

Mr. WALLER, as the painter *Cavaradossi*, is very good, but not sufficiently appreciative of *La Tosca*'s spooniness. Perhaps what appeared to me as a defect in Mrs. BEERE's performance may be partially owing to *Cavaradossi*'s comparative frigidity.

Mr. HERBERT WARING, as the fugitive *Angelotti* (all good names), is excellent. He has a short life and a merry one, disappearing

early in Act III. down a well; well in it, and well out of it. Miss LECLEBOC is majestic as the Queen,—quite a Christmas number of *The Queen*, she is so fine and large,—and Mr. GILLIE FARQUHAR would look the very beau idéal of an Italian nobleman, if he didn't happen to bear a strong resemblance to a state coachman. But looks are not everything, and, being a nobleman, he acts as such, and his performance affords the only relief to the piece.

Miss BESSIE HATTON is a sprightly *Gennarino*. But, of all the minor characters, the one that struck me most was Mr. CHARLES HUDSON as *Schiarrone*, the Police Agent. He is always after *Scarpia*; and after *Scarpia* he is the most remarkable personage in the play. He has only about twelve lines to say, but a lot to think, and enough to do. How he does it is something to see.

To my mind, the adapters, Messrs. GROVE and HAMILTON, have strengthened the motive and heightened *Scarpia*'s villainy by uniting *Cavaradossi* and *La Tosca* in the bonds of wedlock. The secret marriage may be a concession to the English public, but the device seems to me to give a pathetic touch to the sufferings of the unhappy pair which is absent from *SARDOU*'s drama. The HARE of Garrick is to be, and has been, congratulated!

(Signed) JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



A Painter in Aiales (with a little Church-and-Stage Guilding).

Robert Browning.

BORN, MAY 7, 1812. DIED, DECEMBER 12, 1889.

IN mid-winter, in the silent songless snow-time,

Your last song, all gallant glee,
Flashed upon us—and while yet we gladly listened,
Low you lay in sunny Venice that you loved so,
Singer free!

England loved you, though your song was oft mistaken,

For your Muse, scarce trim, was true.
Nothing hopeless, nothing maudlin or unmanly,
Nought of sick erotic hot hysteric drivell
Came from you.

One who never wooed the night, but loved the daytime,

Never doubted dawn would break,
Never dreamed delirious dim narcotic visions,
Never culled pale flowers of ain in Stygian meadows.
Sleep—to wake!

You at noonday, in the struggle of men's toll-time,

Gave us song to strengthen, cheer:
Now you sleep, but not your fame; the world you awakened
Will not let your memory die, but hold it ever
Sweet and dear!

THE NEWEST GALLERY.—Sir EDWARD LEE must have the credit of having discovered this Gallery at 207, Regent Street, and, though the newest as a picture exhibition, it is really one of the oldest in London. It was at one time, if we mistake not, the Cosmorama Rooms, and diligent students of *Ackermann's Repository* may possibly find a graphic picture of its interior, with the usual number of elegant ladies in short waists, and exquisite gentlemen in high stocks, and deep-collared blue swallow-tailed coats. This Gallery, which is now called the Victoria, was probably originally built by NASH, and ought to have been known as The Nashional Gallery, if the title had not already existed. The exhibition of humorous and grotesque works of Art here assembled is a very good one.

Sir Frederick's Latest.

BRavo, bravissimo! Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON,
Your speech on Spanish Art's a very great 'un.
You spoke of Moorish influence in Spain.
Well as 'twould all of us delight again
To hear a speech like this, and spoken thus,
It has a "More-ish influence" on us.



Scorpion Scarpia (stabbed).



SOCIAL INSINCERITIES.

His Lordship (vociferously, with the rest). "BRAVA! ENCORE! BEAUTIFUL! GO ON! I COULD LISTEN ALL NIGHT!"
(Aside to Footman.) "JUST SEE IF MY CARRIAGE IS COME. LOOK SHARP!"

A PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

"A PLAGUE O' both your Houses!" So
 The Public's tempted to exclaim,
 With victimised *Mercutio*,
 Scarce pausing to apportion blame
 Too nicely.
 When the heart's hot 'tis hard to reason
 wisely.

But Justice must, perforce, make pause,
 Not leaning to this side or that,
 But weighing with clear glance the Cause.
 Hot temper never yet begat
 Cool fairness.
Punch would adjust the public scale with
 squareness.

A plague of darkness o'er the land
 Seems hovering in these dismal days;
 Unwisdom, wrath, on either hand;
 And these who blame and those who praise
 Each party,
 Can hit on no agreement just and hearty.

Faction is purblind, power is raab,
 And "banded Unions persecute;"
 When Capital and Labour clash
 If sober equity sits mute
 'Tis pity!
 Cimrierian darkness soon may shroud our
 City.

Dimness within and dark without!
 A pretty prospect for mankind!
 Must danger front us all, and doubt,
 Because the few are fierce or blind?
 Impunity
 Cannot be theirs, these foes of the community.

Shrewd plans of Power 'gainst Labour's
 throng,

Reprisals fierce of banded Toil,
 The commonweal must not so wrong,
 Or make the commonwealth their spoil.

Here is the moral:—
 Not thus the squabblers must fight out their
 quarrel!

For round the lists, like birds of prey,
 Hover the gaol-birds of our streets;
 The ruffian-brood that dreads the day
 Dark's chances with effusion greets.
 Lower its curtain,
 And hap what hap, their gain at least is
 certain.

When honest men—though fools—fall out,
 The rogues—though curs—will claim their
 own.

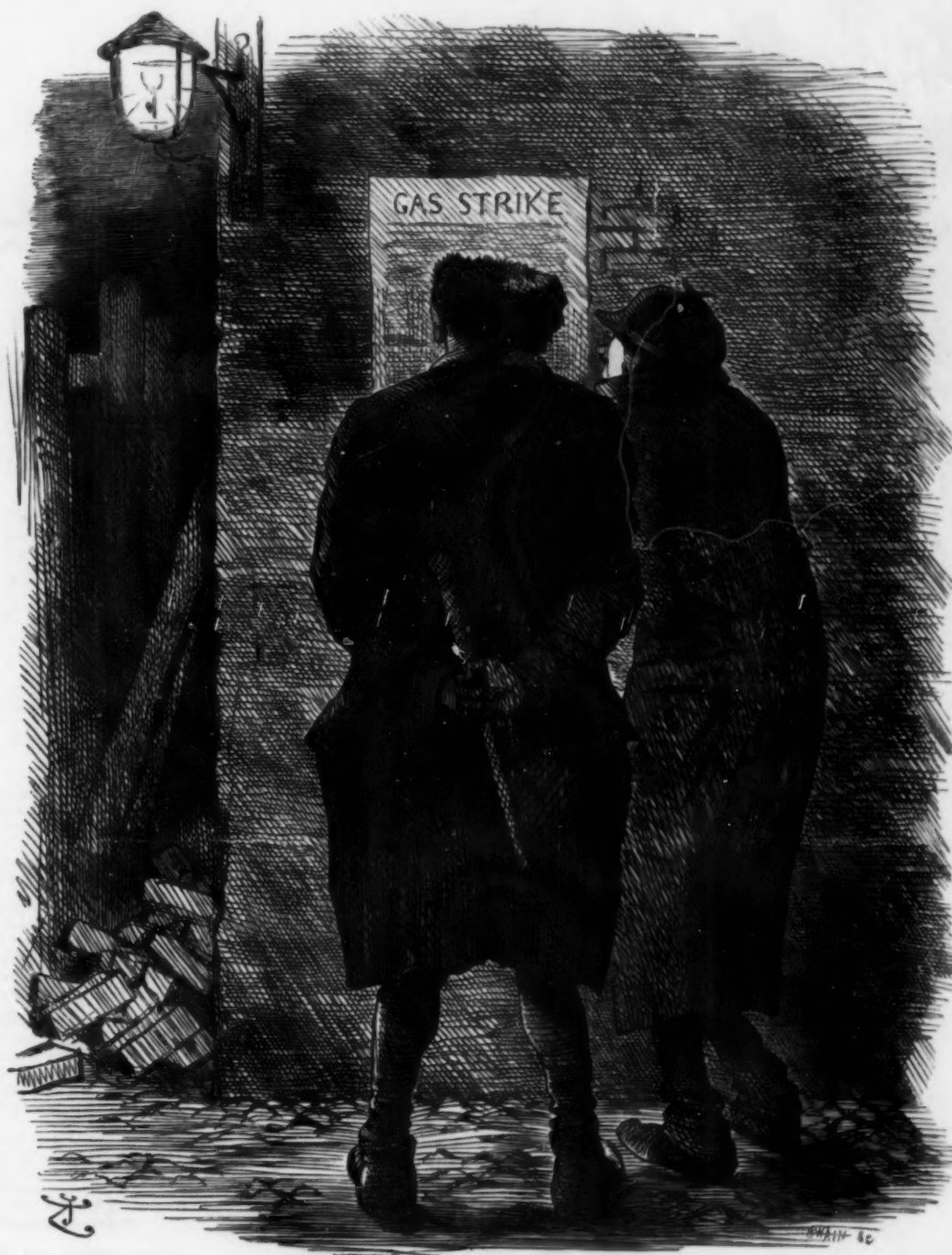
The Public must not dwell in doubt:
 The Plague of Dark must not be thrown
 O'er our Metropolis,
 Whilst stubborn Unions fight with shrewd
 Monopolies!

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.—At the Munster
 Winter Assizes, before Mr. Justice MURPHY,
 as reported in the *Times*, last Friday, the
 Foreman of the Jury in one case told his
 Lordship that they couldn't agree, but that
 they were eleven to one, and that "with
 that one juror they had used every possible
 argument." *Audi alteram partem*: perhaps
 the twelfth juror declares that "he never
 saw eleven such obstinate pig-headed men in
 all his life." But what were the arguments?—
 shillelaghs?

ON THE WESTMINSTER PLAY-GROUND.

WE are glad to see that the Westminster
 Authorities have turned over a new leaf in
 their playbook, and, patronising Irish indus-
 try, have given us the *Andria* of TERENCE.
 It is a delightful work, admirable and im-
 mortal. TERENCE was a true Milesian, and
 flourished his shillelagh and pen at the time
 of the first institution of Donnybrook fair,
 where at that time shows of all sorts were
 highly popular. His *Andria*, first called
Merry Andria, was founded on his own novel
 of *Handy Andy*. TERENCE was a Nationalist
 at heart, but being a piece-loving subject, he
 never mixed himself up with any domestic
 plots, but borrowed them all from abroad.
 Under the name of MADDISONIOS MORTONOS,
 he wrote *Bákos naí Kákos*, which, strange to say,
 has never yet been produced on the classic
 boards of Westminster. Of course the *Andria*
 was played in the original Irish, and all the
 points were taken up and cheered to the echo.
 A more enjoyable evening than that spent at St.
 Peter's College, Westminster, last Thursday,
 it would be impossible to imagine. No false
 note, nothing to jar—not even the jar of whis-
 key. "Hold your jar," says I, "till I take a
 drink to the health of my ancestor, Mister
 TERENCE, and more power to his elbow!" O
 mince-pilot, 'twas a fearful night. And the
 next morning!—No matter. Bother the three
 R's, give me the three L's—"L.L.L." and
 plenty of it. That was the poetess for me, who
 signed herself L. L. L. Next year, if you
 please, Sir, I'll do the Westminster play
 again.
 TERENCE MI.

• Some mistake. Probably L. E. L.—ED.



THE THREATENED PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

BILL SIKES (to ARTFUL DODGER). "I SAY, OLD PA.,—WHEN HONEST MEN FALLS OUT, ROGUES COMES BY WHAT AIN'T THEIR OWN. BLESS'D IF THEY AIN'T BEEN AND SETTLED IT!"

ARTFUL DODGER (*disgusted*). "SETTLED BE BLOWED! I DID THINK AS WE SHOULD HA' HAD A CHANCE!"



THE JOURNAL OF THE

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY
NEW YORK: 1898



"Hi, Sir! Confound you, mind my hat!"

A SEASONABLE PITY.

By Stepniakney.

A MONTH ago I had a cold,
And when my family I told,
They all exclaimed, "Oh, rubbish!"
And all the solace that I got
Consisted in a treatment hot,
Hot-groggy, and hot-tubbish.

My symptoms met with jeer and scoff;
They heard unmoved my plaintive cough,
And told me, void of pity,
Instead of staying warm at home,
'T would do me far more good to roam
As usual to the City.

The self-same symptoms—only slight—
Are radiant with the lurid light
Of the new epidemic,
And now that Turnham Green is "down,"
They swathe me in my dressing-gown,
And proffer potions chemick.

Obedient to affection's call,
To depths of huskiness I fall,
In tremulous cadenza;
What though a native cold they jeer,
They treat with mix'd respect and fear
A Russian Influenza.

A while ago, without remorse,
A slighter cold would mean divorce
A toro necnon mensa;
But the whole household now hangs round,
Conciliated by the sound
Of Russian Influenza.

'T would hurt their feelings, should I say
A word of going out to-day;
So, free from business trammels,

To peaceful eve from cosy morn,
I will the study-doors adorn
With ASPINALL'S enamels.

Though sweet these restful moments are,
In years to come the light ostarrrh
Will sigh "*Che faro senza*
Those tender cares that lent a charm
To all the sudden wild alarm
Of Russian Influenza?"

"UP TO DATE."—The title of Lord TEN-
NYSON'S new poem, *Demeter*, was, of course,
suggested by the Gas Strike.



IN THE LAW COURTS.

Draughting ought to be done in Chambers—not in Court.

A BALLAD OF THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.

By Hans Sachsepbanger.

Look at the braw pianny
Stannin' again' the wa';
See till the wee bit manny
There where our shadows fa';
The wood is as bright as a tallat-glass,
The keys are ebon and ivorie,
The sconces shine like the beaten gowd;
Was never so braw a pianny.

Fifteen shullin' a month I paid,
Three times over the months cam' round;
Sans of summer have warmed ma hoosie,
Snaws of winter have hid the ground;
Leaves in the autumn-fog hang dripping,
Eaves wi' the chatter o' birds resound.
But, whether the day break late or airly,
Ilka month as the day cam' round,
The maichant ca'd for his fifteen shullin',
Fifteen shullin'—nearly a pound!

And ilka month a sair doot vexed me,
An' rived ma heart wi' a dolefu' pain:
Would I play the worth of my fifteen shullin',
Or spare what some day would be my ain?
Weel, I compromised wi' ma braw pianny
And played it aiblins cude in a moon,
An' oh, but the music was caller hearin'—
Fifteen shullin' a tune!

Now I lock it close, and polish it daily,
An' I'll hand it down to posteritie,
An' I'll tie it up wi' a strict injunction
That nobody ever shall touch a key.
For I pinchit sair, and I savit dourly
To pay the siller as months cam' round,
An' now I hac earnit the whole pianny
Never again will I waste a sound.

APPROPRIATE SONG FOR THE CHRISTMAS
WAITES.—"Yule remember me!"



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 12.



"LITERA SCRIPTA."

Wooc. "OH, MISS—OH, LAVINIA! MAY I NOT STILL HOPE!—OR IN YOUR CRUEL REJECTION OF MY SUIT FINAL AND IRREVOC—"
 Spinster (firmly). "YES, MR. BROWN, I SERIOUSLY DESIRE YOU WILL REGARD IT SO."

Wooc. "THEN, DEAREST, MAY I ASK YOU"—(producing the materials from adjacent writing-table)—"TO—AH—PUT IT ON PA-PAR! I SHALL FEEL SAFER!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXIX. THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR WELLESLEY
 PEEL, M.P., AT SPEAKER'S COURT.

AN equipage belonging to the commodious and well-appointed line of the London Road Car Co. lands you at the bottom of Parliament Street on your way to the Palace of Westminster, of which Speaker's Court occupies a favoured corner. The insular prejudice of the conductor declines to accept the French penny you casually offer him, and the little controversy that arises affords you opportunity of endeavouring to attract the attention of the courteous police stationed at this point. If the House were in Session and you looked like a Member of Parliament, they would stop the traffic, so that you might pass unhurt and unspashed across the road. In the recess you must needs make your way across as well as you can, and so pass through Palace Yard, deserted by all save a remnant of the flock of pigeons, who sadly walk round and round the stony pavement wondering where are the oats of yesteryear?

Passing under a low massive archway, you enter a quiet courtyard, at which, on this chill December day, the sun coldly stares. Facing you is the Speaker's house, the front door bearing in old English letters a mediæval legend requesting callers not to ring unless an answer is required. You boldly ring, and displaying your credentials are ushered into a long room with deeply embrasured windows looking forth on the stately Thames, with the ruddy frontage of St. Thomas's Hospital in the middle distance. The room in which you stand is comparatively modern, but a thrill passes through your slim well-proportioned figure as you reflect that it stands upon the site of the Palace inhabited by your ancient Sovereigns from early Anglo-Saxon times till HENRY THE EIGHTH moved up the street to Whitehall. Here EDWARD THE CONFESSOR entertained the Norman cousin who was to succeed him, and here he died on the 14th of January, 1066. WILLIAM RUFUS built the Hall, STEPHEN erected the Chapel, to which finishing touches were given by EDWARD THE THIRD. EDWARD THE FIRST was born and EDWARD THE FOURTH died almost

within arm's reach of the violet velvet mantelboard on which you lean, as these great thoughts fill your mind. In the yard fronting Westminster Hall, through which you lately passed, PERKIN WARBECK was set a whole day in the stocks. WILLIAM PRIN here stood in the pillory, branded on both cheeks, and lost his left ear. Here the DUKE OF HAMILTON, LORD CAPEL, and HENRY RICH, Earl of Holland, were beheaded by the Cromwellians; and not far from here stood the Painted Chamber, where the High Court of Justice sat for the trial of CHARLES THE FIRST, and where CROMWELL and HENRY MARTIN, signing the King's death-warrant, incidentally inked each other's faces.

There were several other things you were going to think of in connection with the historic pile, when the door is suddenly flung open, and an attendant, entering and standing just inside, with his back to the wall, roars at the top of his voice—

"MR. SPEAKER!"

Then you perceive your host advancing towards you in wig and gown, the train of the latter upborne by a respectable genial-faced young page, some fifty-five years of age. Before the SPEAKER marches the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the Mace on his shoulder. You are about to advance and greet your host, when the person in the doorway, uplifting once more his strident voice, bellows forth—

"Hats off, Strangers!"

You are growing a little bewildered, when Mr. ESKINE drops the Mace with a heavy thud on the Chippendale table by the window, with its wealth of Lowestoft China, and its choice bits of Majolica and Sevres. The SPEAKER lightly pirouetting, withdraws his skirt from the grip of the page, and motioning you to a seat somewhat abruptly (as you think) tells you the story of his life.

The Right Hon. ARTHUR WELLESLEY was born the younger son of Sir ROBERT PEEL, second baronet, the well-known minister, and father of the all-round statesman who recently contested a southern borough. Educated at Eton and at Balliol, your host was from his birth predestined to political life. Entering the House as Member for Warwick in 1865, he was speedily promoted to the Secretaryship of the Poor Law Board, and so passed, by easy and natural stages, to

the Chair he, in this Twelfth Parliament of QUEEN VICTORIA, fills with dignity and grace.

"And now, Mr. SPEAKER," you say, taking out your note-book—a choice volume bound in satin of dull gold, with red-edged leaves and electro-plated clasps, the gift of a gratified gentleman in the fancy stationery line whom you recently interviewed—"it is very rarely one gets the opportunity of a really quiet talk with you. If you permit it, I will utilise the present occasion, to ask you a few questions. Which Member of the House do you like most, and which is your particular abomination? Do you prefer Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT when he is on the humorous tack, or when he addresses himself seriously to business? How do you regard the probable permanent effects upon the moral conduct of the House of the little asides of Mr. W. H. SMITH? What is your private opinion of JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR? Do you think Mr. GOSCHEN a graceful speaker? Which of the Clerks at the table do you like best? Do you take fuller delight in the way Mr. ERSKINE retires from the table when he has removed the Mace from the table, or do you prefer the jauntier style of Mr. GOSSET? Do you mean to retire, and if so, when? What title will you take when you go to the House of Lords? Do you ever steal forty winks whilst Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is expounding his policy at the Admiralty? What do you take to eat and drink when you retire for the customary ten minutes in a night's debate? Do you really only get a chop, or do you bring in stale buns and nibble them behind your three-cornered hat? Do you—"

"Order! order!" Looking up, you observe that the SPEAKER is on his feet, the Sergeant-at-Arms, bowing three times, advances towards the table, removes the Mace, shoulders it, and marches forth. The SPEAKER abruptly turning from his chair stalks out at the other door, and you find yourself somewhat suddenly alone. Your reverie is broken in upon by another outburst from the strident voice, which calls at the open door,

"Who goes home?"

No names are mentioned, but you arrive at the conclusion that this remark is probably thrown at you, and accordingly you withdraw, and as you pace Palace Yard, disturbing the groups of meditative pigeons, you ponder upon the strange ways and customs in the household of the SPEAKER.

ROBERT ON PRESENT TIMES.

WE'RE a living in rayther rum times we are, wen the soles of the grinning workman is almost a kicking the eels of the Hi and Mity, as some great Philosopher once said was a coming for to pass.



As a instance in pint: we has all the men—striking at their Masters, and a settling how long they will work, and how much they will kindly take; and now we're told as we ain't to have no coles all this winter, and no gas light at nites, unless the Stokers gits all as they wants!

Well, this is all werry startling to a respectabel and contented Hed Waiter, as hasn't no idear of striking, 'oos why? 'oos he ain't quite such a fool as to quarrel with

his bred and butter and setterer in hopes of gitting it just a little bit thicker and a little bit butteryer, but with a chance of losing the lot.

But now cums the werry rummest part of the hole matter. Jest at the werry time as I shoold think as the werry hiest of our publiik gennelmen wood have been a showing by their xtra dignified conduct how werry much they was shocked at the conduct of the lower

TWO PHASES OF GOLF.



"FORE!"



"HIND!"

horders, I finds 'em a condesending to do sitch things as was never done in the werry harrystocraticest times as ewen I remembers! The xampels is so numerus that I scarce know where to begin, but I will commense with the werry hiest as a thurrow staggerer.

Let anybuddy try his werry best to hunderstand the shock to my conservative feelins when I abslutely seed with my own astonished eyes, the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE leave his chair at a public dinner, and sit himself down to a Pianny forty and sing and play a rayther lowish song about a Miss PEGGY on a humpbacked Kar. I never seed a Kar myself, but BROWN, who is partly a Irish-man, as he's been wunco to Glascko, says it's the same as a nansum cab. So I makes out wun werse of his Lordship's song to run summut as follows:

"I'd rayther be in a nansum cab
With PEGGY by my side,
Than in my hone smart coach and four
With my Lady for my Bride!"

What my LADY MARESS thinks of them sentimens it isn't for a pore Hed Waiter to say, but nothink can prewent me a thinking, and wat I thinks I wisely keeps to myself.

Then see what follers. Why I aashally hears a stately Alderman, who was wunco a stately Lord Mare, a starting off the wulger old chorus, "For he's a Jolly Good Feller!" and this too as the LORD MARE's reward for his singin! And so hinfekshus is bad xampel, that, at that werry same dinner, ewen a Crimminel Judge made 2 little jokes! and was werry properly well larfed at for his panes!

Time passes on for about a week, and then, at a rayther big dinner, a werry respectabel tho' jewvenile Common Councilman finishes a werry loud speech by asking all the grinning compny the follering striking question, and in poetry too:

"Where is the man with sole so dead
Who never to himself has sed,
What a Fool I've been?"

And insted of simperthising with the poor consenshe stricken Gennelman, they all larfs and shouts out, Here! Here!

I passes over the sad spectakels of Aldermen in Penny Omnibusses, and Deputys in Penny Botes, and content myself with hobeserving in sorrow, and in conclusion, that if our great leaders will not set the people better xampels of dignerty and self respec, we shall sum on us live to see the day when mere Strike Leaders will be figgering as Lord Mares, and Stokers as Aldermen, and praps ewen Blacklegs as Hed Waiters!

ROBERT.

A Strong Entertainment.

SAMSON and SANDOW were pretty strong men,
But at the Empire, 'twixt eight and ten,
They are burlesque'd till with laughter you'll cry,
"O Brothers GRIFFITHS, how's that for high?"

A MYTHICAL PERSON: EMIN PASHA.—Why this fues about a man who does not exist? There's no M in "Pasha."

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exceeds present
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necessitating exten-
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it to be a Natural Wine of superior
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BLACKING**
No brushes required. Ap-
plied with sponge attached to
the cork. Gives a brilliant
polish, equal to patent leather,
to boots, shoes, harness, and leather
articles, which lasts a week in all weathers.
May be washed off, and polish remains.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.



AN UNPACIFIC YARN.



THE Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Seas,
A Service fair, conducted there, in dignity and ease;
Though white within, and free from sin, it was a fact that he
Unto the eye, externally, was black as black could be.

The Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, beloved was of all,
The Unpacific residents, his people great and small,
They often said, "A Bishop bred, and born of native stock
Is fitter than another man to guide a native flock."



But Oh! Alas! a dreadful pass he came to on the day
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, a visit came to pay;
Whose features fair, and silver hair, their fancy quickly gain'd,
Whose tuneful voice, and learning choice, affection soon obtained.

The natives all, both great and small, admitted with a groan,
That Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, was better than their own;
That though they knew that Bishop Q. was pure and free from guile,
He must arrange to make a change, and leave his native isle.



Then Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, his visage wet with tears,
Repair'd to Brown, of Monkeytown, to intimate his fears
That base and rude ingratitude, and unbecoming slight,
Would bleach with care, his aged hair, because he wasn't white.

Said Bishop Brown, of Monkeytown, "Although a grievous case,
I'll guarantee, if you'll agree, to change your nigger face,
That you'll obtain their love again, so buoy yourself with hope,
And I'll give you a cake or two of **PEARS' Transparent Soap**.

Then Bishop Q., of Wangaloo (his present safe to hand),
With visage bright, and spirits light, as any in the land,
And grateful heart, did now depart upon his homeward path,
And arm'd with hope, and **PEARS' Soap**, repair'd unto his bath.

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With bow polite, complexion white, and hands of lily hue,
And noble mien, he did convene that Unpacific crew:
That sable flock of native stock, who, frighten'd and amaz'd,
For pardon to the Bishop Q. their supplications raised.



And thus with hope, and **PEARS' Soap**, and bath and water plain,
The love of all, both great and small, the Bishop did regain.
And now without a care or doubt, his features wreath'd in smiles,
Lives Bishop Q., of Wangaloo, in Unpacific Isles.

MORAL.

That cleanliness and godliness go ever hand in hand;
From maxims sage, of greatest age, we're led to understand.
The former clasp within your grasp (and for the latter hope),
By getting through a cake or two of **PEARS' Transparent Soap**.

And when you've tried, you will decide, without a single doubt,
That such a sweet and fragrant treat you'll never be without:
That all around will ne'er be found a maker that can cope,
In purity and quality with **PEARS' Transparent Soap**.